

November  
1938

# All of a Sudden!

¶ All of a sudden the press of the nation is crammed with screechings about the beauties of "democracy!" The Fascist nations are imperiling our American "democracy" say the agents and propagandists for subversive foreign governments. Editors and lawmakers pick up the hue and cry. We are suddenly adrift in a great sea of blither about Democracy. And not one in fifty of the publicists, parroting what they have been taught to parrot, knows what Democracy truly is!

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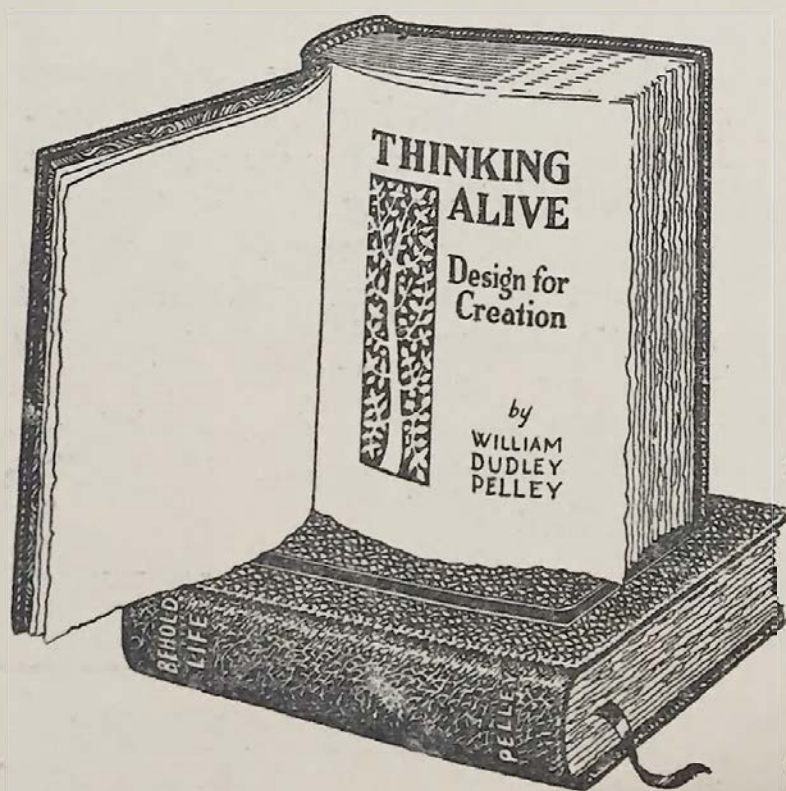
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## *Christmas Cards*

 **SO** MANY people commented throughout the past year on the illustration by Hial, depicting the Bethlehem Shepherds' vision of the Heavenly Host which was used as the cover for Reality Magazine last Christmas, that we decided this year to work it up in three colors for a folder Christmas Card that could retail at 10c with envelope. ¶ Anticipating the demand from the Faithful, we struck off a couple of thousand of these cards and they are awaiting December shipment. ¶ You recall the illustration? Would you like to see it on your cards this holiday season? If so, send us 10c each for as many as you can use. Or perhaps you have 2,000 friends, in which case we will express you all we have printed! Let us hear from you in time to make proper shipment. Remember, the printing is VERY ANTIQUE!

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## The LIBERATION DOCTRINE is not a cult



THOUSANDS of people over the past decade have heard vaguely of The Liberation Doctrine and wondered what it was, and what it expected to accomplish in a world overtaxed with creeds and sects, esoteric societies and metaphysical movements. ¶ In the first place, The Liberation Doctrine is not a cult, neither is it a new system of metaphysics, or source of Rosacrucianism or of occult research. ¶ The Liberation Doctrine is nothing beyond a sane and beautiful philosophy of life for the calm and practical living of it on a basis of understanding what the marvel of it comprises. ¶ It began in 1929 when an article by William Dudley Pelley, then residing in Altadena, California, appeared in *The American Magazine* entitled "My Seven Minutes in Eternity." Mr. Pelley had undergone an extraordinary spiritual experience, finding that it was possible to vacate his body in the night without death resulting. Immediately he became aware that he had acquired abnormal psychical gifts, among them the little-understood talent of Clairaudience. ¶ In the eight years that have followed, he proceeded to record a stupendous series of subliminal papers on the fundamentals of Cosmos that baffled the most astute critics and opened up a line of sacred research making the whole miracle of creation as simple as it is profound and rational. ¶ But he steadfastly refused to start any new religion on the strength of them, or capitalize them to his worldly profit or renown, or organize his findings so that any society promoted them. He believed Truth to be the private pursuit of the individual soul capable of undertaking it and secretly profiting from it. For this reason no hysterical mass meetings concerning the Liberation Findings have been held, no crowds have been opportuned to undertake mysterious rituals, no Select Masters for humanity have been promised excepting the Colossal Personage of the Elder Brother who is herein revealed in a new, refreshing and startling version. ¶ The Liberation Recordings, on the contrary, are for a small and select audience of spiritually discriminating people who believe in pursuing the Great Secrets of Cosmos privately and valiantly, and accepting such recommendations as they may be ready for, in their normal spiritual evolution. They are presented as exquisitely as the printing art can devise, and any resource deriving from their circulation is turned back into the work of extending a wider knowledge of them to those who would be interested if they but had the nature of them brought to their attention. ¶ That is the whole story connected with this Teaching. "He that hath ears to hear, LET HIM HEAR!"





# Reality

## Magazine

Volume Two

NOVEMBER, 1938

Number Two

### BEHIND THE MOONGLADE

#### A STORY

**T**HROUGHOUT the years since Uncle Joe Fodder, our local liveryman, came home from Gettysburg, he has conducted our little Vermont town stable behind the hotel. In the past three decades, however, the world has become motorized. Increasingly Uncle Joe dozes in his odorous little office, or spends the mellow hours of his sunset years tipped back in his chair against the wall of his barn, swapping gossip with his cronies. *✿ ✿*

I had sauntered over to Uncle Joe's stable one misty June evening to become embroiled in an argument about a county bond issue. Suddenly across the yard we heard the shuffle of footsteps. The stable's lantern-lamp was burning. Presently it lighted as eccentric a figure as ever appeared in our part of Vermont.

A man in his fifties showed up in the dusk, a tall and loosely jointed man, helped along on two canes. A victim of locomotor ataxia he must have been, for his knees bent backward at each uncertain step, and both feet were swollen around his ankles.

But it wasn't his affliction that impelled our attention. It was his hair, his jowls, his quaint style of dress. Under a saucer-flat golf cap, iron-gray locks fell down to his collar. The folds of his flesh hung heavily on his face. Something about his mournful eyes reminded me of the expression of a St. Bernard dog. He likewise wore a Windsor tie at a badly soiled collar and a baggy top-coat that reached below his knees.

He wanted a rig for a trip to Foxboro. He had come to the livery because with those legs he could never drive a car, and the rental of car with chauffeur would run into too much money.

"What did you find out about him?" I asked Uncle Joe when the price had been settled, the horse harnessed, and the man—with canes stored beside him—had driven from the yard.

The hostler brought a card of old-fashioned sulphur matches from his vest, split one of them off, and waited for it to bumble up brightly in order to fire his cob. "Wouldn't tell me his name.



Said he wanted to keep the rig all night, and offered me a deposit in case I feared to trust him. But he's okay. Them kind don't swipe rigs."

"Did he say who he was going to visit in Foxboro?" The place designated was a country village, twenty miles eastward across the mountains.

"No. But he did seem a bit upset. I'll find out more, maybe after he gits back." ❀ ❀

Our discussion of the county bond issue was renewed. Outside, the summer night began to spit rain. Presently this turned to a drenching downfall. Then about ten thirty, Jefferson Somers drove into the yard.

Jeff is another liveryman, with his stable in Foxboro Center. He and Uncle Joe have an intimate knowledge of one another's horseflesh,

"Rotten night!" he growled, whipping the water from his hat brim. "Man's a fool to be out in it, Joe."

"Come over Haystack Mountain?" Uncle Joe suggested.

"Sure did—worse luck! Mud's awful. Betsy cast a shoe."

"Meet one o' my rigs?"

"Didn't meet no one but Lem Batson in his Ford. One o' your rigs gone over to Foxboro?"

"Understood so," returned the patriarch. He explained the incident of the picturesque stranger.

"Didn't see a sign of him," Somers contended. "If he'd took the road by Haystack I certainly should have met him."

❀ "Darnation!" cried the liveryman. "Wouldn't have nothin' happen to Daisy mare for all the money in Farmer's bank."



UNCLE JOE'S worries were groundless however. He did not lose his rig. At half-past six next morning when he came down to his stable he found Daisy hitched in front with blanket thrown over her. So Uncle Joe un-

harnessed her and led her in to breakfast. ❀ ❀

"Come in and look at this buggy, William," the liveryman invited when I dropped in at nine o'clock. There ain't a bit o' the red clay on it such as you find between here and Foxboro."

"No, I'd say spokes and wheel-rims are covered with loam."

"And on its floor there's twigs and fresh leaves. William, this buggy's been somewhere in woods."

"But why in woods in last night's rain? And what woods?"

"That's the mystery, William. Wisht to heaven I could recall somethin' about that queer duffer that's teasin' me terrible in the back o' my brains."

❀ "You think you've known him before, Uncle Joe?"

"Sartin of it, William. But seems a long time back. And he warn't old then. He didn't use no canes."

"Daisy okay?"

"Fit as a fiddle. Don't seem tired, either, like she was drove very far last night." ❀ ❀

"Well, you've got your money, so what does it matter?"

The mystery mattered. The hostler was old and little things fretted him. He fretted over the stranger and his nocturnal destination. Fretted, Isay, until the second evening when the mysterious cripple loomed again from the dark. ❀ ❀

"Where you drivin' this mare o' mine?"

Uncle Joe questioned tartly. "You didn't go to Foxboro 'tother night and you know it."

"I did go to Foxboro. Not the village, perhaps. But all the same, I went into Foxboro township."

"You didn't go by the main road 'round Haystack mountain."

"Your mare was returned to you undamaged, wasn't she? Isn't it permissible for a person to go privately about his business without explaining to the community?" ❀ ❀

Uncle Joe had to see Daisy trot out of



the yard a second time without knowing her destination.

"B'gad, William, he looked more nervous and upset than night before last! And, William, . . . he had a lantern and a broom this time, in addition to his canes."



THE THIRD night, when the same rig had been rented by the same man again, Uncle Joe came clumping into my newspaper office and cried: "I think I've solved the mystery, William. That duffer's huntin' buried treasure!"

¶ I pushed aside my work. "What makes you think so?"

"There was a shovel in the buggy this mornin', William. A shovel and a bar!"

"No," I declared after a moment's thought. "I hate to spoil your romantics, Joe, but men hunting buried treasure don't behave themselves so openly. They don't leave their muddy tools in rented buggies to make a village gossip."

"William, somethin' ails that coot. He ain't actin' natcheral."

"But it isn't buried treasure. If you come to me with the suggestion that he might be interring a dead body somewhere, or digging one up, I might say you had something."

I thoroughly believed this, and my conviction failed to alter when it was next reported by the patriarch that for the fourth and fifth times Daisy had been rented by the stranger and kept away till daylight. The sixth day Uncle Joe reached the office in high color.

"I'm right, William! Right as Tophet! He's after buried treasure! He told me so himself!"

"Joseph Fodder," I said, "do you think if he was, he'd broadcast it to you or anyone?"

"William," the hostler maintained, "that man ain't in no condition to spoof or talk riddles. I never said a word to put the idee in his head. I just made it

plain he couldn't have Daisy no more unless he told me how far he drove her nights. And he looks at me a long time with them queer eyes of his, and says: 'Call it, if you want, that I'm hunting buried treasure.' Just like that! So what?"

Uncle Joe stopped. My telephone was ringing. Over the wire came the voice of Charley Waite who tended stable for Fodder in his absence.

"Joe there?" Waite demanded. "Tell him to come back—he's wanted to the stable. There's a woman over here to see him on somethin' she says is important. About that man who's hirin' Daisy."

I conveyed the message to Uncle Joe and he stamped his way out. I continued my work. But subsequently—twenty minutes or a half-hour later—once more the phone bell blared.

"William, this is Fodder. Can you spare the time to come over to the stable?"

The minute I caught sight of Uncle Joe's eyes, I knew that imminent developments held drama. Seated across from the woman, he was stroking his beard in uneasy thought.

"William, this here's Mrs. Van Buren. The man who's been takin' Daisy out, is her Pa."



WOMAN of twenty-five occupied an armchair in Uncle Joe's office. She was dark-eyed, small-bodied, smartly feminine. Fine-spun chestnut hair was fluffed about shapely forehead and temples. She wore no hat, but a full-length cape of blue serge had a hood, dropped down prettily enough on her back.

"William," began the old man when I had acknowledged the introduction, "you know I claimed this lady's pa was huntin' buried treasure? But it ain't money, William. It ain't the sort of 'buried treasure' you'd think of in a century. William, this lady's pa



is huntin' for his wife—Mrs. Van Buren's mother!"

It jolted me, naturally. I glanced at the girl. "She's interred about here somewhere?" I asked.

"She's buried out in our family lot in Illinois," Clara Van Buren offered.

"And your father's hunting for her body here?"

"Not her body. He's hunting . . . for her spirit!"

"With a broom, a shovel and a bar?"

"Not perzactly," put in Fodder. "This lady tells me he's been usin' them tools to clean out and slick up the cabin to the Lake."

"What cabin at which lake?"

"You remember that hut on the north shore o' Hathaway. The deer hunters use it."

"But it's mossy and old, and falling apart." ✱ ✱

"That's the one! Mr. Zobisco's been keeping watch over there the past week—after slickin' it up—for his wife to come back."

"Zobisco!" I repeated. Where had I heard the name? A wrestling champion had one that resembled it somewhat. Then my brain seemed to galvanize. I said to the girl:

"Your mother . . . can't be the Chicago lady . . . who lost her life in experiments with Beta rays?"

"Yes," the girl nodded. Father and mother spent most of their lives in working on their Beta experiments. They were carrying along the investigations of Rutherford and Clerk-Maxwell." ✱ ✱

"But she died from——"

"Mother's burns caused cellular displacements which finally ended her life. Father's afflicted in a similar way—you've probably noticed his walk."

"But what's he been doing up here in Vermont?"

"Mother was a Vermont girl. She met father in College over thirty years ago. He's of Polish extraction. Of course, atomic research was in its infancy thirty years ago and the electrons of

the ultra-violet rays hadn't then been heard of. They were brought together by their studies in biology. Mother won a scholarship for her work on the parasitism of plant life. After graduation, they were married."

"Haven't I read, in connection with your mother's death, that your father won a big European prize for a scientific discovery?"

"You mean the Baroque Award in Psychic Science? Yes, he proved the physical readjustments in mediums during telekinesis. You see," went on the daughter, leaning forward and speaking academically, "their long and intimate work with the galvanism of electrons finally convinced them that Mind is only a form of energy. Furthermore, electrons—or electric energy from which atoms are composed—can move freely, independently of Matter. Then it had to follow that Mind could exist independently of Matter. And while mother was carrying on the electronic research that killed her, father was following out the practical application of the electron to the Life Principle—whatever it may be. And that's how they came to make their rather eerie compact, which has finally brought father back here to Vermont."

¶ "What compact?"

"For months before her death, mother knew she'd been stricken—that the end was only a matter of time. So she made a compact with father. She would prove with him whether or not Mind existed independently of Matter by keeping a post-mortem tryst with him during the week of the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage. In the old Vermont woods cabin where they had passed their honeymoon as biological students!—If she could!"

It had been about seven-fifteen when Uncle Joe summoned me over. At half-past nine the daughter was still explaining—and leaving us astonished.

"I don't call that very scientific," I declared at length, when her proposal was



ended. "Why—it's nothing but a hoax!"

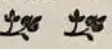
"For months since her death," the girl defended, "father has thought, talked, dreamed, of nothing but the coming possibility of seeing mother again in that cabin of their honeymoon. I'm thinking of the effect that failure might have upon him mentally. For five nights now he's remained up there alone in summer dark waiting to keep that tryst. Don't you imagine that if mother existed in any location or status where she could do so, she would long since have materialized a body for him to see? Why wait for months, anticipating a meeting in some dilapidated woods cabin, miles eastward in these mountains?"

We debated this silently.

"No, it's plain that some scientific principle is at work of which we know nothing. It's prohibiting Mind from demonstrating itself apart from Matter. Mother can't communicate with father, granted she's an existing principle anywhere at all, so I believe I'm justified in doing what I plan. I came here to get a rig to follow father tomorrow night and Mr. Fodder convinced me it might be best to take a third person along in case of mishap. He suggested you."

"But supposing you do play this role, won't you be making your dad's life-work a lie? I'm surprised that your mother—with her training for scientific accuracy—should propose it."

"Look at it constructively. Supposing he thinks he has seen mother. Not only will he go onward zealously with his researches in the little time that he has to live—and perhaps really stumble on something of value—but all fear of Death itself will leave him. He'll have had proof to convince him that his wife made the journey across the Dark Chasm in safety ahead of him. I think mother's desire was really based on the fact that she wanted to stimulate father in his researches, as well as buoy him up in his bereavement. I've thought it over the last few weeks and come to

the conclusion it's a decent and compassionate thing to try. I've brought mother's wedding dress east to add to the illusion. I have it with me in the hotel." 



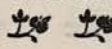
LOOKED across at Uncle Joe. Weird complications, I had encountered during twenty-eight years as a newspaper publisher. But surely this project

was the weirdest of all. "You actually think you can act the part of your dead mother cleverly enough to deceive the man of science that your father is known to be?"

"If I wasn't convinced I could, I'd scarcely attempt it, would I?"


"But supposing he tries to embrace you—at least touch you? He'll know you're real then, won't he? And the hoax will come out?"

"I'll take care that he doesn't. I know what my role must be. He doesn't dream I'm within fifteen hundred miles of Vermont—and mustn't. It's going to be bright moonlight tomorrow night. And one of the reasons why outside help is advisable, is that someone must be with him before I try to enter that cabin, and make certain the lantern is extinguished so I can't be discerned too plainly."

"What would be your plan of operation?" 

"Tomorrow evening is the last night of the tryst-week. After father has driven off to the lake, you and Mr. Fodder and I will follow in another rig. When we reach the woods, which Mr. Fodder tells me skirt the lake almost down to the shore, you two go on foot and meet dad in the cabin. I'll change into mother's old wedding dress in the shrubbery. When the cabin lantern is extinguished, I'll follow you. The whole 'materialization' should take but a matter of moments. When I've shown myself, and said whatever I think is proper—mother told me something of what I should say—I'll leave.



Then you two meet me again at the buggy. If anything should happen that you have to bring father back with you, I'll dodge into the woods and drive home in the rig that father has out there now. Then without his knowing, I'll leave town on the midnight train. I'll get back to Illinois and the affair will be a secret between the three of us, always!" 

"Sounds plausible," said Joe.

"It's fraud!" I declared when the daughter had gone. "But then again, it's also fraud when you go into a sick-room and tell ailin' folks they're looking fine when really they're standing next door to a funeral."



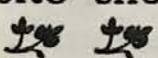
HERE may have been softer and more exquisite June nights descend upon the Green Mountains than the evening which ensued. If so, I don't remember them. ¶ A great salmon moon lingered complacently above the spruce-cloaked summit of old Haystack mountain as we left the covered Green River bridge behind us and mounted into the verdant country lying west of Cobb Hill. As we drove through woods where trees met overhead, scents of dew-moist clover, wood betony, evening primrose and wild columbine drugged the air like opiates. The Milky Way arched above us like a vaulted heavenly fog.

Just beyond the Siebert deer-bottom, we turned into the Hathaway back-road. Few words passed between us. I fell to watching the ghostly cones of the swamp spruces against star-pricked western sky where the last glimmer of afterglow had died in blue iron. I rode on the front seat beside Uncle Joe. Mrs. Van Buren, tense with the strain of her coming impersonation, sat in the back seat with her hand-bag. I noted that she had dressed her hair differently tonight. It was parted on one side and drawn down in the back to three short curls behind her right ear. I recalled

the portrait of a maiden aunt in an old daguerreotype, showing such coiffure. ¶ It was after ten o'clock when we reached the deserted Trimble farm and let the bars down into the lane running eastward toward the lake. Uncle Joe turned the horse into this lane and for another ten minutes the animal pulled us, at an uneven walk, over hummocks and half-buried boulders till we reached the skirting woods. Thence a log road led to the water.

As he stopped the horse finally—beneath a great sugar maple a little way into this woods—from somewhere ahead sounded Daisy's sharp nicker. ¶ "I'll change right here," Mrs. Van Buren said. "Now you two go ahead! You'll see me come up along the lake shore as soon as I'm properly costumed. I want to look as mother did that wedding week, thirty years ago."

Uncle Joe tied the horse, and along the log road we wound our way afoot—moonlight guiding us where it filtered through the maples, yellow birch, basswood and jack-pine, with here and there a shag-bark hickory or arbor vitae. In another handful of minutes the vast, star-reflecting spread of Lake Hathaway stretched before us like a mirror in a dream. Not even a trout jumped across its smooth surface.

¶ And the mammoth moon—slowly evolving from salmon to gold, from gold to platinum, as it lifted serenely into the sky—made a moulted highway of moonglade from misty shadows of the opposite shore, straight across to our feet. 



WORD, ain't it pretty," choked Uncle Joe—like a prayer. "Wouldn't mind comin' here to meet my Jennie tonight . . . as I knowed and loved her forty years bygone!" ¶ Jennette was his wife, dead these eighteen years. A hundred feet we had gone when Daisy nickered again. A yellow iridescence came from the sashless



window-holes of the cabin where the Polish scientist kept his tryst with one whose voice was for him a song that is sung. ✿ ✿

He must have heard Uncle Joe's big boots break twigs for he was standing on the cabin's broken porch as we finally walked up.

"Evenin', neighbor," greeted the liveryman. "Don't be scairt. It's only me, Joe Fodder, . . . and a friend."

The scientist's cap and sticks were back in the cabin behind him. He had shuffled out to the porch without them and was holding to a post.

"Why have you come here?" he complained. ✿ ✿

"Followed to see what you did with my mare!"

"I—want—to—be—alone!"

"Waitin' for someone?" My companion stopped before the scientist, hooking thumbs in his soiled suspenders. ✿ ✿

"Yes, I'm waiting for someone. It's the last night! Take your horse, if you must, and go back. But leave me alone!" ✿ ✿

"Pshaw now, we ain't come to bother you. S'pose we get sociable."

"Any other time, sir. Not tonight. For God's sake go!" The old man's nerves were at the snapping point.

"See here, stranger," said Fodder, "who you aimin' to meet here tonight? . . . to a place where nobody comes but dead spooks!"

"You want the truth? I'm here to meet a spook—as you call it."

"Well, I know somethin' about the spook that's supposed to haunt this cabin lately," the beloved old intriguer fabricated. "You're sendin' off two friends who might help you."

"A ghost—has been haunting—this cabin?" gaped the scientist.

"Yep. Lady's ghost! Old-fashioned sort o' lady. Three curls to her neck——"

"My God!" The scientist swayed.

"S'pose we all go inside and sit a piece," suggested Uncle Joe. "Warn't

it you, stranger, who come up to this cabin on your honeymoon, thirty years ago?" ✿ ✿



HALL I ever forget that dramatic wait in the moonlit cabin off there in mountain forest? ¶ The scientist was cajoled into talking — "Thirty years we lived together, worked together, took our play together. Thirty long years! In all that time, not one night did we spend away from each other. Not a single cross word ever passed our lips. It was one of those unions you read about in books. She was part of me, gentlemen. I was part of her. And then, gentlemen, she was taken away. Life has been very lonely since. Nothing seems worth while. Somehow, until I know she hasn't perished, I can find no incentive to go on in my work. Oh, Martha, Martha! If you can come to me, come, come——!"

He got no further. His great dog-like eyes were suddenly transfixed. Seated directly in line with the open door, elbows forward on his knees, he went suddenly rigid.

We followed his gaze.

Up from the lake shore, straight in line with the open door, a figure was approaching. In moonlight! A woman's figure!" ✿ ✿

So filmy she appeared from that distance, we might have imagined that she was made from the moonglade—or had come from behind it—if we hadn't known better.

Small-bodied, dark and fine the daughter appeared—when we beheld her mounting closer. Her exquisite figure was enveloped in old-fashioned crinoline—basque-waisted, lace trimmed—with skirt of paniers and serried overdresses. The leg o' mutton sleeves would have been ludicrous on any other woman, in any other setting. A portrait from an album, misty with corruptions of time yet perfumed with the scents of long ago, Mrs. Van Buren



came steadily nearer the opened door with the moonglade behind her. She belonged to it, that moonglade. If I hadn't known her to be a woman of flesh, I think I should have voiced my terror and bolted.

With never the breaking of a twig, so light was her foot-step, without the slightest audible sound, she reached the front of the cabin and halted. Down from her right wrist something dangled on ribbons. Uncle Joe said later he remembered that back in the Eighties they were called Dew Drop Bonnets.



MODEL for an artist she stood there. And in that tableau, three pairs of male eyes riveted glassily upon her. The aged scientist at last found his tongue. "MARTHA!" he called—vibrant, poignant, haunted with anguish. *✿ ✿*

The daughter against the moonglade turned slowly. Then came her voice. "Abel! . . . are you here?"

Was he there, indeed? He made to rise and go toward her. But Uncle Joe held him. *✿ ✿*

Upon the broken stoop the "vision" stepped, crossed closer to the door and stood silhouetted. Slowly around that crude little place a sweet, exotic perfume seemed to permeate that was not of forest night—a scent I could not name. *✿ ✿*

"Martha! . . . all the week, . . . each night . . . I waited! You've been a long time in coming, my dear."

"But, Abel . . . I promised I'd come . . . if I could!"

It was very quiet in that cabin of other years. Outside the window a cricket cheeped beneath wild raspberry. Back down by the lake shore the deep gut-a-chunk of a bullfrog paragraphed the stillness. These sounds of nature . . . and our labored breathing. Old Abel was whispering—

"If you hadn't come tonight, I could hardly have faced the morning.

If you hadn't come tonight, Martha. Everything we'd ever done would have seemed to be in vain."

The eyes fixed upon her as she stood against moonglade were the eyes of the scientist—perhaps. But the voice was the voice of a lover begging of his beloved. *✿ ✿*

" . . . Oh, Abel dear, it was so hard to come, . . . so hard to step back! And yet I had to let you know that . . . all is Real!"

What was the matter with me? The drama of the thing held me like a drug. The scientist said:

" . . . It's true then, Martha? . . . we do not die? . . . Mind can exist apart from Matter?"

It might have been five seconds later, it might have been five hours, but the silhouette answered softly, playing her role like the actress she was:

" . . . Have we worked so long together, dear, not to have learned that nothing can die? . . . that Death is a man-made term? . . . that nothing can go out of existence—a moth or a mountain, a flower or a star—that what we once called Death, you and I, is only a change from form unto form? . . . When nothing in Nature is ever lost, not the faintest motion or smallest atom, how can anyone who has read the pages in the Book of Life believe that only the spirit of man is excepted? . . . For what were we in flesh but trillions of units of electronic energy? . . . And how could Nature's hair-balance be preserved if we did not lay our bodies down, as everything in Nature lays them down, that new creations might arise, new starts, new shapes, new cells, new perfections? . . . oh, Abel! . . . if only I might raise you to see Reality! . . . if I only could!" *✿ ✿*

"See Reality, Marty dear?" He spoke as he might have asked some casual question in their laboratory together.

"What I see, Abel! What I know, now! For we have to change, or we would break that hair-balance of the



Natural world. Everything that has ever lived, has known that change. The life of the Universe feeds upon it . . . is its breath and its substance. But there is no pain, Abel dear. Just peace! And keen new aspiration!"

"Martha . . . come close . . . let me touch you!"

"You couldn't, Abel dear. You couldn't, anyway. We thought life rich when attuned to earthly matter. But it's finer, fairer, when raised beyond the handicap of sense . . . I came back tonight, just this little time, in order that you might know, that it might help you, dear. Now I must go on! The Greater Work is waiting. You are to know it, too, sooner than you dream. Don't fear. Face it gladly. For after each night comes a Morning—that is the Balance. There is always a springtime to follow the winter. Greet the Change! Welcome it joyously! For soon you will know, as every living thing has learned: Death is more wonderful than life!"



MOONGLADE rippled into spaces beyond the senses, where all our little unborn wishes go. Somewhere a sleepy bird twittered. ¶ The woman stepped back lightly. I saw her face turn upward toward the moonlight, beautifully. Her lips moved. As though thinking aloud she breathed: " . . . Stars shine and new worlds are born. And what worlds! Gases cool and form rocks and water. In the water come seeds of life that crawl to the land. . . . Summer winds blow and scatter that seed . . . aeon by aeon it flowers . . . plants and creeping things . . . brethren under the sunlight . . . they have their little time and then they return to enrich the earth. . . . Even come strong men . . . but the Change descends upon them also, to complete the cycle . . . they go their ways . . . nothing but eternal energy, all of it, where no star-dust is lost, no breath is

squandered . . . I cannot stay and grieve with you, Abel . . . there is nothing about which to grieve!"

I am uncertain as to where my sight was focused—on the woman or the mystic moonglade beyond her—as she completed this soliloquy.

I do know, however, that as she finished it, the tense body of the listening scientist seemed to relax, then gave a little slump. His crippled knees sagged, and let him go prone upon the floor.

When I looked up again from beside him, to question why the daughter did not come to our assistance, I saw that she had gone!



UNCLE JOE was muttering softly to himself as he fumbled to light the refractory lantern. "Hold him tight, William. It's been too much for him.

Dammit, 'twas almost too real for me!"

¶ The lantern burned once more. I held the old scientist by the shoulders to steady his body where the head was dropped forward. Joe ran a gnarled hand over his heart.

"Uncle Joe! He isn't——!"

"Go fetch that daughter back! It's done for him, William!"

I got my legs in motion bearing me after her into moonlight. I didn't see her till I reached our buggy. When I came up, I found her propped in her quaint costume against the left wheel of the rig.

"Come quick!" I cried. "It was a splendid impersonation, but too realistic! As you started down toward the shore, your father tried to follow and—collapsed!"

"You mean he's——?"

"Hurry up! Your father's—been stricken—his heart wasn't able to stand it—what's the matter with you?"

"Matter with me? I'd no sooner gotten into this dress than I rolled my ankle on one of these hummocks. I think it's sprained. I haven't stirred from this spot since you left me!"





## THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS TO LIVE THEIR OWN LIVES



ONE of the hardest problems confronting the average mortal in day-to-day existence is how to live his life strictly to himself and keep his hands or nose out of the affairs of others. This by no means refers to busybodies. It applies to normal two-legged folks going about a world in which a thousand-and-one relatives or acquaintances are continually beseeching them for counsel, assistance, or money, or taking risks or cutting capers that seem inimical to their own well-being or the welfare of society.

'Tis a hard proposition to watch a beloved intimate apparently making a fool of himself, or following a policy that has every aspect of leading straight to injury, or even to behold masses of men being hoodwinked or hoaxed, without feeling it incumbent upon oneself to interject one's own opinion or offices into the situation and try to do for the erring spirit—or spirits—the things which one's conscience or greater wisdom would command in one's own case. ✿ ✿

What is the proper policy to be pursued when another's fate is positively indicated by his own rash acts, when certain suffering or distress is discerned to lie at the end of a given course of action, or when whole masses of society are being persuaded to endorse or support schemes or movements that

have for objectives some sort of enslavement? ✿ ✿

Is wisdom given us as a sort of trust, that we should use it to keep the next person's feet on the rails of constructive living—as we interpret constructive living—or should we adhere rigidly to the philosophy: "Let 'em live and learn?" ✿ ✿

Cain, we recall, was one chap in history who was supposed to have put the question to the Lord in the form of the demand: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

¶ The trouble with the Cain and Abel story at this point is, that the Lord didn't return a very clarifying answer. The Jewish Lord, it seems, didn't have the transcendent gifts to know, Himself, who it was that killed Abel. He was a super-detective at the moment, looking for a culprit. So He had small time to bother with ethics.

So in the hurly-burles of life, we consider the enigma:

How far ARE we our brothers' keepers—if at all!



IF we are without the Key to the Mystery of Life—that every mortal enjoys hundreds of existences instead of the one earthly span assumed by the Fundamentalists—we are inclined to look upon the person engaged in committing a tragic blunder and exclaim: "I've got to save him from it if I can!"

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He's got only one life to live and he's wrecking it!"

It is second nature, and the highest type of altruism, to risk one's own neck or fortunes—certainly a friendship—to preserve the well-being of another.

But people in possession of the great secret that mortal men and women live not once but many times in physical bodies, are disposed to be more discriminating about projecting themselves into others' affairs. They do not view the jeopardies of life with half the feeling of "tragedy" that visits him who so foolishly holds that a person's fate throughout all eternity is determined by what may happen to him or what his role consists of in this passing hour in flesh.

People who are aware that mortal life repeats times without number, are not disposed to view life's vicissitudes as much beyond "experiments"—trial-and-error ventures in social complications for profit that stays in the consciousness in form of permanent wisdom. *✿ ✿*

Above all, people who are truly wise in life's real essences know that if they tamper with another person's judgment, and make decisions of import affecting another's career, they as much as the person prescribed for, must be involved in the denouement and consequences.



**THE AVERAGE** Fundamentalist thinks that if he gives another man advice, and the other man takes it, and the advice turns out injurious and the party advised suffers loss, the matter goes no further insofar as the adviser is concerned. "I'm sorry that I butted into your affairs and gave you wrong counsel," he apologizes, "but I did it with the best intentions in the world and though I've been proved to be wrong—and perhaps mischievous—after all, it's your hard luck."

So the Fundamentalist shrugs his shoulders and goes about his business. He

thinks that is all there is to it.

But there is more!

By no means does the one who has tampered with another's life, affairs, judgment, or sense of personal discrimination, get off thus easily.

Kismet reaches out a long hand and grabs the counsellor by the shoulder or the scruff of the neck.

"Wait a minute!" says Kismet. "You don't get off as easy as that! You come back here and take the brunt of this thing that your fallacious advice precipitated, right along with the victim whom you so erroneously advised!"

"He didn't have to take my advice," defends the one who has done the tampering. *✿ ✿*

"All the same," says Kismet, "he DID! And by the laws of karmic compensation, you're just as much responsible for what happened as he is. So you pay along with him! You either share his resultant misfortunes, or you find yourself a similar situation and suffer from it to bring the balance even."

"You can't force me to do anything of the sort," the counsellor may retort.

"Then the karmic debt owing will run to the end of time," says Kismet. "And you'll never be free from a sense of it."

¶ "I'm elderly and due to die pretty quick, anyhow," says the counsellor. "What do I care about paying such a debt? Certainly I can't be made to pay debts of that kind after I am dead!"

"You don't get out of paying your worldly debts," returns Kismet, "merely because you go up to your bedroom and change into a different suit of clothes to cover your body. By the same token, your body is merely a suit-of-clothes for your immortal and eternal spirit. You don't get out of paying your debts merely by shuffling off one body, because by the laws of the universe, you'll presently be back in life in another, and the debt will still haunt you!"

When it is irrefutably proven to the Fundamentalist that this is so, he is abashed and somewhat terrified.



"If I'd known that I had to stand responsible and be involved myself in the outcome of the advice given to another, I'd never have given it," he will gasp.

¶ So concerning ourselves in what seems to be the certain destiny of some other person by giving advice that alters the other's conduct, resolves to a matter of being willing to participate in the effect.

How many people would be running about, insisting that other persons do as they say, enforcing their social dictates on this group or that group, bringing their own so-called wisdom to bear on the problems of others and making their decisions for them, if they could be convinced of the certainty of having to experience in themselves all of the evil or mischievous effects of the advice if so be it such is the product?



TAMPERING with the career or destiny of another person by giving advice—even when solicited—or bringing about conditions compelling another's life to conform to one's own ideas of how his life should be lived, is one of the most serious things that a human being can engage in.

Yet it is regarded by the average person as quite without responsibilities insofar as he himself is concerned, and millions are guilty of it with every hour that passes. Even people who claim to be most adept in the various doctrines of mysticism will conveniently overlook transcendental warnings in such regard and press their advice on others, or make recommendations for the life programs of others, without accepting vitally the penalties involved.

Parents who try to "run" the lives of their erstwhile children after such children have grown old enough to marry and have families of their own, contribute to the commonest cases with which such Karma treats. Husbands who insist that their wives shall sink personal interests in the careers of their

menfolk and have no interests or desires outside of their homes, constitute others. Employers who affect to "take a personal interest" in the personal affairs of those working for them, but who, in reality, want to superintend their employees' lives, make up still others. Reformers or political zealots who are certain that the world will be saved in a twelve-month if only society will acquiesce in applying their eccentric notions, make up a fourth class.

All such people are forever "tampering" with the life errands of other people. And legion are the instances where individuals, born into new lives, seem to be constantly in morasses of personal and social complications, for no other reason than that they are hounded by a sense of the obligations they owe to others for having tried to live their lives for them in previous dispensations. ✻ ✻

They are fated now to endure oceans of troubles and harassments for no other reason than that they must endure in kind for some of the follies they have previously caused others to commit in lives so long ago that all memory of the actual occurrences has been lost.



WHEN a man comes to you for advice or counsel—unless you are a professional attorney and he seeks the protection of your knowledge of the statutes—he is saying in effect: "I am in doubt as to what course I should pursue. That means that my powers of observation, logic, deduction, and discrimination are weak. If they are weak, then I probably have encountered this complication in order to strengthen them, or learn by trial and error a lot that I didn't know before the stricture arose. Now instead of being willing to make up my own mind, stand by my decision, and gain the loss or profit involved in exercise of my judgment, I want YOU to act in my stead. I want YOU to tell me what I should




do, and because I trust you as being wiser than myself, I will follow your advice." ~~✂~~ ~~✂~~

The average man, so appealed to, feels flattered. He is being venerated, he thinks, for his possession of attributes that are serviceable in the situation. He ignores the fact that he himself may have come into possession of those attributes because in lives long-since lived, he took the trial-and-error route and evolved his judgment through good and bad experiences resulting. He is ready with such advice, and gives it.

¶ The person receiving it, continues weak and vacillating. He may experience profitable results from such taking, but if he does so, he has done nothing to merit them. He may suffer serious losses or misfortunes, and blame his counsellor pathetically and frenziedly. But he will not stop to recall where the deductions making up his judgment were at fault, to the end that another time he does not make the same mistakes. He is just a poor, weak, brain-strapped victim who must endure the penalties from another's decisions with no standards registered on his memory by which he can make a better decision upon another occasion.

¶ The one responding with the advice is flattered for the passing moment. But in offering the counsel, he is in effect taking out his cosmic wallet and putting its contents in escrow. If his advice be wrong or his counsel mischievous, the fingers of Kismet go into that wallet and extract the compensating pence!

HE true Transcendentalist first of all views life—and all lives—from the premise that mortals are in it for the express purpose of gaining whatever it is that their characters lack, of strengthening themselves wherein they may be weak. No matter how severe the penalties that may loom for a given course of conduct, every person court-

ing them of his own volition has the experience with them—for good or bad—coming to him.

The moment that second or third parties enter in, applying the increments of their own past experiences and deciding what they would do in similar circumstances from accrued wisdoms, these second or third parties are unwittingly filching the profit from those experiences, from those who are following the "lamented" course purposely to gain them.

The man who says to a friend, "If I were in your shoes, this is what I would do—I" should haul himself up short and remind himself, "There are no 'ifs' about it; the moment I put this person in the line of taking my advice, or acting upon it, I AM in his shoes, insofar as karmic payment for resultant losses or mischiefs are concerned."

All of which boils down to the tenet that there actually is no such thing as "being our brothers' keepers."



ERE we to become our brothers' keepers, literally, we would be "keeping" brothers who stayed weak, vacillating, characterless, and impotent to make sound judgments in their own rights—spiritually anemic individuals always turning to their "keepers" for decisions, to make which themselves means growth of moral stature.

As a matter of fact, no one can be his brothers' keeper for the simple reason that no two lives are entered into, on this mundane planet, for precisely identical reasons and to extract precisely similar profits.

When you give a man advice, you tell him what you would do, were you in his place. But that last statement is a literal one—if YOU were in his place—YOU with your different cosmic background, your different strength and weaknesses, your different objectives for being in life at all.

Your brother—or your sister—is a



cosmic unit unto himself or herself. Neither of them is capable of prescribing for YOU, because they are separate spirits, operating on different sets of cosmic vibrations, to derive different increments for the time-being from the mortal experience itself.

You can tend to make people better and happier by living a life after your own objectives that is an ideal pattern for them to ape insofar as their own life errands may get profit from such copying. Or you can set standards for them to follow, by the illustration of your life, that are inspirations to them when they confront circumstances where your reactions to similar orientation would apply.

But people of all sorts and varieties fill the world because each one is in it to obtain a different thing, in his own individualistic way. And that individualism, that solitaire strength, must be developed by allowing them to make up

their minds on this and that unaided, then enter upon the effects of such decisions, and garner the profit or loss that ensues.

Remember, that life itself is to develop Self-Strength, Resource, Logic, and Self-Confidence!

To live another person's life for him by being his "brains" is to criminally short-suit him on the development of "brains" in his own right.

Of the Seven Deadly Sins of Cosmos, "tampering" is the worst!

It is willfully negating the whole life-purpose, the whole earthly promise, and involving the tamperer in the other's karma just as certainly as though from the moment of giving the counsel, one person were bound to the other with strips of adhesive tape!

It is something to think about!

Advice—of ANY sort—is decidedly dangerous stuff!



## WHY HOLY SPIRIT DISPLAYS AS LIFE

**G**OD is not a person, as your theologians tell you. Nor is He the "principle" avowed by so-called atheists. The best way that we can explain God to you, so that you can grasp Him in your mortal world of Cause and Effect, is to define Him as the Great Sum-Total of Universal Substance performing the self-apparent miracle of recognizing Itself for that which it is.

This by no means makes Him an abstract mathematical equation. It makes Him so terribly vital, and brings Him home to each one of you, so close that after the proper consideration of His

essence you see Him and touch Him every time that you see or touch tangible material.

Sooner or later it breaks upon you with a kind of stupefaction that you as a personal, sentient unit, are just as much a cell of Him as the seething star Arcturus. And when you come into a realization that you are one phase of God, developing and manifesting in so-called Mortal Flesh, you realize yourself as possessed of a colossal and omnipotent power, even as the Christ whom humanity worships!

—From the Third Liberation Script





## DO YOU KNOW THE CAUSES OF MENTAL OBSESSIONS ?



WHEN a person has an "obsession" regarding this or that, the idea conveyed by the popular use of the term is, that he keeps concentrated on a single subject till it takes precedence over everything else in the brain.

The thing engaging the attention develops into an excessive or unreasoning desire for expression regarding it. In short, a mild form of madness is implied, only madness indicates lack of balance on all subjects whereas the person with an obsession is "mad" about one only.

Obsession in the root meaning of the term, however, does not mean monomania. ❀ ❀

It means persistent vexation—particularly by what is known as an evil spirit! Now this subject of evil spirits, and their capabilities for plaguing normal people in mortality, is one that has engaged humankind ever since earth-life became engaged with either the possibilities or probabilities of personality-survival. ❀ ❀

Go as far back as you can penetrate into the Australian Bush, or as deep as you can hew your way into the African jungle, and no matter how primordial the human life you encounter, almost without exception you will be introduced to a belief in spirits—particularly, evil spirits. Savages of the lowest order, who have never seen a white man or

heard of a white man's religion, seem to have the "evil spirit" idea born in them instinctively.

Psychologists explain it by saying that if the savage trips over the root of a tree, and is thrown upon his face, at once he rationalizes the happening by reasoning that something about the tree had the power to trip him. As he can see nothing with such power by the medium of his senses, then—because his tripping was exceedingly real—something invisible about the tree must have exercised such power.

The rationalizing psychologist, however, has no explanation for the curious fact that the savage should give any thought whatever to the causes of his tripping—spirits or no spirits.

The rationalizing psychologist, forever reasoning from the premise of a denial of discarnate consciousness, merely wants a theory that will hold water to account for certain phases of natural behaviorism. But those not so shackled to causations by or from strict materialisms are more inclined to believe that the savage's first concepts of the literality of spirits comes not from obstructing tree-roots but from his accidental and unintentional glimpsings of discarnate life as it may occasionally comply with natural laws, not yet fully coded, and make itself opaque to his mortal eyesight. ❀ ❀

From the savage deep in bush or jungle, however, all the way up the mani-



fold gradations of mortal life to the highest developed Christian Aryan, the idea of the existence of "spirits" is entertained and accredited—but always they must be "evil" spirits or the notion of them is hocus-pocus.

Orthodox Christians seem to be among the most inconsistent in regarding such existences, for they will tell you six days of the week that spiritualism is fraud; then they will go to church on Sunday and contribute to the salary of a man who stands in his holy pulpit and preaches verbosely on the works of the Man of Galilee who, among His other miracles, "cast out unclean spirits."

There is one episode in the Galilean's extraordinary and very "unscientific" career when He met unclean spirits obsessing outcasts wandering among the tombs and bade them enter into a herd of swine. Evidently they obeyed, for the narrative has it that the swine immediately ran down the grade of a mountainside, leaped off a cliff and were destroyed in the sea.

Now either Jesus did such things, or He did not. If He did not do them, then accounts of them have no place in the Christian Bible. If He did do them, then in logic the unclean spirits existed to be cast out. If the unclean spirits existed to be cast out, then spirits as spirits, clean or unclean, are a factor in earthly affairs. Our thesis narrows down then, not to the existence of spirits—which on week-days a hundred million followers of the Nazarene call hocus pocus—but to the curiosity as to why they should be designated as "unclean."

¶ The proposition that there are unclean spirits, indicates that conversely there must be, or should be, CLEAN spirits. If there were not clean spirits somewhere, or in some condition, then how do we arrive at a designation of others as the opposite in sanitation?

And as unclean spirits and evil spirits are conceded to be more or less synonymous, and as the fact of obsession by the latter has been an accredited postulate of mental therapeutics ever since

medicine emerged from superstition and alchemy, we have a profitable field of investigation in trying to determine what makes "spirits" either unclean or evil? ✿ ✿



UNCLEAN or evil spirits, in the fields of Religion, Medicine, or Psychical Research, are those aspects of discarnate consciousness which are distinguished for—or by—their capabilities to exert an unhallowed or abnormal influence upon the minds and actions of men who still are occupying physical organisms in the manner approved since Adam awakened from his sleep in Eden.

Usually it is likewise conceded that such influences are unhallowed, or unwholesome, because they operate or exercise to get people in flesh to do things, or express themselves in ways generally, which they might not be expected to do were such discarnate influences not present and mischief-making.

In other words, the thing exhibiting is, that a normal man in possession of flesh and faculties, will be counted upon to behave himself after a set of social standards that are commonly embraced by the human race in the mortal predicament as a mass performance. But the discarnate spirit comes along and somehow influences him to depart from those standards, to do things which he might not do if left to the unannoyed exercise of his own talents in his own personality. And the living body, operating in the mundane predicament, together with the influenced but bona fide spirit inside it, must suffer social penalties or execrations in consequence. ✿ ✿



So the "uncleanness" or "evil" comes in, by or through the simple indictment of causing a living person not to be his natural and standardized self.

Who or what are these discarnate individualities, why do they visit such distresses on people en housed in bodies,



and how comes it that they can do so at all if they lack bodies themselves through which to exercise?



LO PUT the facts plainly, as we have reason to think we have determined them to the moment, this is who or what they are: They are quite average men and women who have passed through the experience of physical demise, found themselves separated from what was formerly their mortal organisms but in a position to think and act in certain ways that we might term "mental performances" and, unable to employ themselves with integrity in their new disembodied status, turn to the getting of expression by co-mingling their mentalities with those of persons still maneuvering in fleshly vehicles.  

They are usually people, we find, who have been horridly hoaxed by the notions of the various religions of the world as to the environments or conditions maintaining in the higher octaves of surviving consciousness, and, not finding those higher octaves or finer forms of spiritual expression to be what they had expected, are at a loss as to what to do with themselves on principle. So they turn—pardonably enough—back to the physical, material, three-dimensional world with which they are most familiar and try to continue a type of pseudo-physical existence by using the organisms or bodies of people still in mortal life—as they can, or are permitted to do so!—to get them their effects on matter.

This, however, cannot normally be consummated in the instance of wholesome minded and energetic people whose spontaneous living of life, without morbid tendencies, keeps them traveling at too high a vibratory rate for these body-less people to get discernible results by invisible contact.

No, it has to be done in the cases of people whose psyches are more or less



"loosely hitched" to their physical equipment, or have inadequate control of it, or are susceptible, by temperament or belief in superstitions, to the mental-vibratory activities of the at-a-loss discarnate ones.

We say of a certain class of people, inclined to be morbid or introspective as a constitutional program, that they "let their vibrations get lowered to a point where evil entities can get into them!" And we are expressing the idea, and generally describing the truth of what occurs, although we are decidedly unkind and intolerant—in our orthodox ignorance—in terming such discarnate souls "evil."

Ofttimes they are no more "evil" than the lost and sobbing child is "evil" because it cannot make its way unassisted back to the parental abode at nightfall.



THAT there are downright evil psyches—spiritually gnarled and warped in their social expressions while in their bodies and doubly gnarled and warped when released from them—goes without saying. A dastardly criminal, without the slightest shred of altruism or conscience, pays the price for his crimes against defenseless victims, on the gallows or in the electric chair. Society snaps his spine at the neck, or sends a killing current of "juice" through his firmly strapped-down body, the physician applies a stethoscope to his heart and officially pronounces him "dead," and the rest of the ignoramuses making up the social census applaud in relief at the "justice" that has been done and say that the world is well rid of the brute.

But has the world gotten rid of the "brute"?  

Indeed it has not!

It has sprung him out of the incarnate and into the discarnate. True, he cannot wield a club in the discarnate—from the depths of some dark alley—and bash out a victim's physical brains.



But he CAN and more often DOES carry all his compilation of hates, terrors, griefs, and vindictive vengeance into his discarnate state with him, for such is the accumulate of his psychepersonality. And in such discarnate frenzy, he at once makes use of such knowledge as he may there acquire, to pick out some mental weakling, some always-morbid mortal, some person with criminal tendencies in his own right, and by always traveling with such person about worldly pursuits, and getting inside his aura without suspicion being aroused that he is there, impel such weakling or potential criminal to suddenly respond to discarnate promptings and commit the most dastardly of crimes. Or such evil psyche will hunt down some person given more or less to spiritual aberration, and by similar methods of discarnate promptings—or even tacit seizure of the mortal equipment—push the victim into criminal insanity.

These are well-named "evil spirits" indeed; but they are not evil because they are discarnate—that is, spirits without mortal organisms of their own—but because they were gnarled and warped morally and ethically to commence with, even when they were legitimately housed in bodies obtained from earth mothers! Discarnation has simply altered the technique of their criminal expressions! ❀ ❀



INSANE people, as a rule, are first of all, abnormal in their own rights. They are people who have become damaged in their sense of balance, lost their social perspectives and spiritual equilibriums. The root meaning of the word Insanity is "lop-sidedness."

To this individualistic lop-sidedness is added the vengeance-seeking psyche of the discarnate criminal, as the latter discovers with what ease he can penetrate into the mental processes of the "insane" one and command them.

We talk about people as being "violently" or "criminally" insane, without stopping to ask why the impellation to the violence or the criminality in their own rights at all.

It never crosses our minds that the violence or the crime can be derived independently of the natural aberrations of the afflicted one, through obsession by some poisonous thug-spirit who is taking such means and methods for getting back at mortal society which he had grown to hate and despise from childhood. ❀ ❀



SUCH afflicted people may not necessarily screech and scream, rattle their bars, or mouth gibberish, to be under the control of such poisonous free-spirits, earthbound to work out their fulminations on a society that is defenseless against them through its ignorance concerning all discarnate life. Full often we find that the most dangerous of the criminally insane show the most harmless exteriors, and exhibit the most disarming outward behavior. They seem to bide their time with entire rationality until opportunity arises to consummate their acts.

Modern psychology hits all around the mark in trying to account for such eccentricities and irrational breaches of the moral law. It refuses to admit of discarnate consciousness, and so shortsuits itself in not getting at the crux of the affliction by recognizing the coolly plotting brain that may be using the irrational one's organism to achieve its loathsome acts.

Undoubtedly it was some such individualities—so scheming to use the "men among the tombs"—whom Jesus "rebuked" and "suffered to go into the Gargaren Swine" ❀

But the aforesaid "unclean" spirits or "familiar" spirits—against which all religions inveigh—seem to be, ten to one, mere discarnate busy-bodies and practical jokers, psychic kibitzers, and



people who literally push themselves in where they are not suspected or particularly wanted, because they have discovered in the discarnate state that it is contrivable.

Such people fear to explore the higher octaves of spirit into which they have found themselves released—from the same motives, perhaps, that people in mortal life cannot be persuaded to take an interest in psychical research and know enough about the marvels of the supernatural so that they will no longer be particularly terrorized by it.

Far more comfortable and gratifying to turn back to the familiar scenes of earth, and the individuals still in flesh with whom they feel most at home, and cling to them as a matter of spiritual security, than to go on about their spiritual business.

Time and again we find them refusing to accept the fact that, in the strict worldly sense, they are "dead" ✿

They want to demonstrate that they are NOT dead, that earth-people, or people still in vehicles of flesh, have it all wrong in thinking that because a man vacates his worn-out or damaged physical form, he thereby ceases to exist. ✿ ✿

They want to find ways to prove that they CAN and DO exist—that they still have power to get physical effects, albeit through the instrumentalities of others still embodied.

Particularly are they excited and gratified if, in the pursuit of such kibitzing activity, their existences are noted and they are accredited as being some form of angelic or celestial life.

It is second nature for humankind to identify any form of discarnate life, or invisible activity of consciousness, as pertaining to the celestial. Thousands are the cases of insurance agents, real estate salesmen, pretzel-twisters, and drivers of earthly trash-wagons, who, on attaining to a bodiless status of existence, have found ways to render their psyches more or less opaque and

thereby be mistaken for gods or seraphim. ✿ ✿

Nothing so tickles a discarnate life insurance agent—or a real estate salesman, pretzel-twister, or truck-driver as the case may be—as being mistaken for a seraph. It is something novel in his scheme of things. All his mortal life he has been treated by society, or by prospects for insurance, as quite the antithesis of seraphim. So he effects a pseudo-materialization, is seen by all and sundry, and hears the exclamation: "God is with us! Let us be contrite!"

¶ Naturally, after having been kicked off earthly verandas all his mortal days as an unclean spirit, he is going to stick as long as possible to a status of earth-bound spiritual inhibition where he and God are awesomely mixed up in confused mortal wits!



OBSESSION as obsession, therefore, is truly sharing the personality or body with the dominating but discarnate psyche of someone who refuses to go about his business exploring the higher octaves when, and as, the time has arrived when such exploration is legitimate and requisite—that the reincarnational cycle may ultimately be completed. ✿ ✿

This sharing means that the mortal victim has to take all the accruing social odium while the discarnate psyche goes scot-free, or gets the kick or thrill without having to submit to social reprisals.

¶ It is a disgusting manifestation of spirit at best. But to understand what is occurring is to call up defenses against it. No person is ever obsessed willingly! Remember this: When co-operation is established voluntarily with a disembodied personage, there is little that is "unclean" about it and it falls into a category far removed indeed from insanity and evil!

Such is Obsession.

Who was it asked the question?





## WHY SOME PEOPLE SUFFER PHYSICAL HANDICAP

**I**T IS universally considered to be stark tragedy, when a person has been born into a normal healthy body and in possession of all his faculties, and then physical handicap visits him swiftly and terribly. Sudden blindness, loss of bodily members, permanent invalidism through attack of such malady as infantile paralysis, any one of a score of corporeal misfortunes, may cause the stricken one to sob: "What have I ever done, that this calamity should be visited upon me?" It is human nature to think of misfortune—especially bodily misfortune—in terms of penalty. It is faintly possible, however, that behind such strictures and fellings, some other process entirely than exercise of blind cosmic rapacity may be working out. ✿ ✿

It is considered as insufferable, and not a little monstrous, to approach the victim of such a personal tragedy—particularly while he is in the first throes of his handicap—and assail him with the tenet that he has been so stricken in order that he may derive some needed lesson from his inhuman predicament. It is Job's Comfort with a vengeance. Besides, while it may or may not be true, the victim is liable to receive actual spiritual damage from such counsel. ✿ ✿

"You're telling me that I had this thing coming to me," retorts the person who

finds he must now adjust himself to living the balance of his life on a different social basis. "Then tell me WHY I had it coming to me, and produce your proofs!" ✿ ✿

It is like grinding doctrinal salt into a physical wound to make a blanket rationalization for any of such happenings on the you-had-it-coming-to-you basis. ✿ ✿

The first thing that such "unfortunates" need—and pardonably so—is sympathy, gobs of sympathy. They need pure and unadulterated sympathy, not from reasons of sticky sentimentality but as balm and assuagement for the shocks to spirit.

**T**HE next thing in order is a careful and astute examination of the factors making up the victim's character before the "accident" happened, that the probable benefits to accrue from it ultimately may be identified.

It is doubtless true that no two people ever encounter permanent physical handicap from quite the same causes.

Never was a truer statement made in this regard than that "one man's meat is another man's poison!"

If it be permissible to discuss such happenings abstractly, in order to arrive at a bona fide explanation for why they happen to anyone at all, we might recognize first of all that the predomi-



nating reaction to physical stricture of any type is a sudden and fierce turning of the focus of consciousness inward upon the self.

Understand, we are not considering for the moment why or wherein such should be necessary. We are accrediting that such does happen and making it a factor in trying to determine the basis for the mishap.

A man or woman in the prime of life's activities who suddenly loses his or her eyesight, or suffers amputation of an arm or a leg after a crushing in a train wreck, or is stricken with paralysis in some vital bodily member, at once undergoes a complete alteration in his personal or social evaluations. His or her attitude toward life ceases abruptly to be objective and becomes subjective.

Putting it in another way, we might say the afflicted one's philosophy toward life up to the point of the catastrophe was one of considering situations and things outside himself as holding paramount importance in estimates of Consciousness, whereas the moment such crippling has occurred, nothing surpasses in attention or significance the plight of the victim in regard to himself. ✻ ✻

"I've suddenly lost all interest in life around me," is the way such an alteration is expressed. "All I can think of, is this terrible thing that has happened to me, and how I'm ever going to be able to live the remainder of my days suffering from this handicap."

Such complaints are by no means introspective—or, if they are, their introspection is legitimate.

All of a sudden, they as physical personages have become the most important items in all Cosmos—TO themselves. ✻ ✻

The mishap, in other words, truly accentuates the degree of their self-awareness, or sense of reality of themselves in their own estimates of being.

The phenomenon of their own existence is emphasized and brought home to them in a manner it might never be

otherwise, no matter what the social complication in which they find themselves involved.

For the first time in their lives, they are forced to "think for themselves" to the exclusion or minimizing of all other factors making up mortality.

If we deign to accept that "nothing happens by chance" in all Cosmos, even vicissitudes to ordinary two-legged human beings wherever existence finds them, then we must accredit that whether it is conceded at the time or not, there must have existed an acute spiritual need for such reversal of the spiritual viewpoint, or it would not have transpired.



COMMONLY we are prone to disparage introspection, to consider it as some sort of weakness for people to be always "thinking about themselves," to cajole Bill and Tom and Mary to stop being subjective in their attitudes toward society and take a "broader" view of life—meaning a view that is more objective.

But if it be true that such people need such cajoling, and that the subjective attitude can be developed to a fault or a weakness, thereby—through the Law of Opposites, of Action and Reaction—it follows that a person can be too much developed objectively. He can become too abstract in his notions about self-importance, regarding himself as too inconsequential in, and to, the world. ✻ ✻

Nobody, strictly speaking, is inconsequential to the world, of course, since if all people lived their lives by such a philosophy there would be few displays of initiative, self-confidence, or the impellation to pardonably bombastic achievement. ✻ ✻

So to halt a trend that diminishes the importance of the self in relationships toward society, and cause an abrupt and dramatic focusing of the consciousness upon the personalized spirit, such



widely lamented "accidents" may exercise constructive office.

Understand, this "diminished sense of importance" is not the thing known as Modesty. Modesty is quite something else, as will probably be expounded upon a future occasion.

A diminishing, or diminished, sense of importance is a condition where the psyche is not properly regarding or appraising itself, and getting lop-sided in self-depreciation exactly as a psyche can become lop-sided in over-estimating its fecundities or achievements.

The person who cries: "Shucks! I don't amount to anything, never will amount to anything, and cannot see why I need to be living in life at all!" may be suddenly seized by physical mishap and MADE to concentrate on the self—by the very nature of its predicament—so that it achieves to a stronger sense of the importance of self, whether or not the results are immediately realized consciously. ✿ ✿



THE essence of all mortal life is to undergo experiences that intensify or mellow the quality of the consciousness. The soul increases or unfolds in moral stature by bending its head to hardship or ordeal, or learning facility in the employment of the faculties through the necessity for out-manoeuvring predatory "enemies" and escaping physical annihilation.

But, in the business, there must be a status achievable where the hardships, ordeals, or will-to-escape, have extended duration—not "over in a minute" with the spirit congratulating itself on escape and thinking no more about it five minutes later—and physical handicap provides that duration.

People physically stricken "have a long time to think about it" and a sense of their existence in flesh is ground into the fibre of their consciousness so that its increments abide there. They are collared by Kismet, as it were, given a vio-

lent shake or series of shakes, and figuratively speaking, addressed thus: "It's time you stopped this nonsense of depreciating yourself and your value to Cosmos and got a few ideas as to how important you are to yourself if not to the world about you. You must be made to see that if all people took to holding views like yours all Consciousness would retrograde and so might society. Terrible pain, or permanent disability, puts you in a plight where you must enforcedly dwell upon yourself, and the length of time that you are now called upon to suffer it, indicates the extent of your requirement that invited it!" ✿ ✿



UCH is one way of looking at the matter. The second is the same in essence of infliction but converse of subject in the item of application ✿

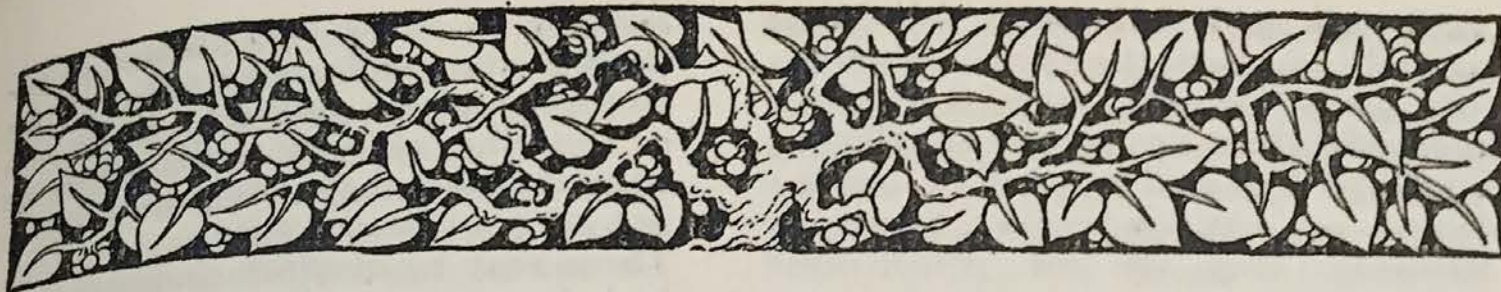
Meaning that the same sort of dwelling upon the self, as reaction to physical handicap, may operate as constructively and profitably in the item of the overly-bombastic temperament quite as often as in the item of the self-depreciative temperament ✿ ✿

All of us know cases where insufferably bumptious individuals have been deflated, and their overweening caprice in regard to estimating correctly their attainments or accomplishments been dramatically curtailed, by becoming victims of handicapping accident that suddenly made them dependent on the ministrations of intimates.

It is hard—for a time—to face the probability of years of physical handicap, after one has always performed freely and capriciously. But no ordeal was ever produced by earth that the human spirit found itself unable to orient TO, by the saving nature of its intrinsic versatility. ✿ ✿

And a final philosophical attitude arrived at, in regard to it, is merely new exploration into Eternal Compensations! ✿ ✿





## DO YOU KNOW THE CAUSES OF PLATONIC LOVE?



ACCORDING to all the best dictionaries, when we are given to referring to Platonic Love, we are dealing with a type of affection between men and women that has nothing about it concerned with carnal desire.

Plato, as all well instructed persons know, was a Greek philosopher who lived about four hundred years before Christ. He was assumed to be pretty much of an ascetic—at least in his ideas—and considered the ladies, like Leonardo de Vinci, as mere spiritual abstractions. ✿ ✿

Having a family of lusty boys and girls by a mere spiritual abstraction is one of those things that simply are not done. No youngster ever borrowed the family Ford, either, and parked it out on a backroad to spend the evening hours with his arm hooked around the upper vertabrae of a spiritual abstraction in its palpitating adolescence. And everyone knows that it is from unions arranged between the parties on such nocturnal excursions that the human race survives from generation unto generation, world without end, amen!

No, Plato lived before the time of Fords that could be parked on moonlit backroads. And while he certainly did not live before the times that male and female looked upon each other and decided to be fruitful and multiply by time-approved processes, his ideas

about the sexes were anything but Hollywood's. ✿ ✿

So his name has endured as a label on the type of romance that features: "—oh, it's you, eh?" and proceeds to business on the man to man basis.

We have then in the term, the curious paradox of a type of love being indicated that strictly speaking is not love at all. ✿ ✿



MAN falls in love with a woman, or a woman falls in love with a man—assuming that it is true love and not an experiment in curiosity or tawdry romance scented with gin—from one of two reasons. Either she is the spiritual counterpart of himself and by their physical, mental, and spiritual association they are giving expression to the idea of half-souls' conjoining as a Whole; or somewhere back in past lives one has done either an injury or a service to the other that now must be compensated for in kind.

There are cases where a man falls in love with a woman, and a woman falls in love with a man, mainly because one or the other party to the affair resembles the soul-half of the opposite party and the romance flowers from mistaken identity. This type of love affair, however, rarely endures long enough to make it of moment.

In the normal love affair, man and wo-



man fall in love because they sense vaguely and instinctively that the opposite party "fills an emptiness within themselves" that cannot be supplied by any other half-soul on earth. They belong to one another because, spiritually speaking, they are the personalized halves of the one completed person.

Life after life, age upon age, they have been associating together, marrying and raising families, aiding and encouraging one another, performing services so loyal and so constant that when they are parted they are as much perturbed by their inability to function separately as the physical body would be, were it halved down the center and each half forced to go its own way.

The left leg could not locomote very far without the right leg to swing and convey the weight of the torso, whereas the right leg, left to disport itself, would probably give a couple of ludicrous hops and tip the said body onto the face of its head.

Uncommonly astute esoteric students have the knowledge imparted to them that what really transpires between a man and woman coming together and falling in love is a mutual interchange of Light Force, each tacitly imparting to the other a quantity of spiritual vitality. We do not need to go into that here, neither do we need to dwell particularly on the type of romance that is a strict karmic adjustment.

We have for attention the type of love affair designated as Platonic, wherein a biological man and a biological woman come into association and form a lasting friendship "because they enjoy one another's companionship" and yet without a single mutual sex desire assailing them from Christmas to New Year's and back to Christmas again by way of the Fourth of July.

At least that's what they claim!

What we have displayed here is truly "a type of envy of the other's personality."

☐ Accredited it or not accredited it, men and women in what is known as Platonic love are only attracted to one

another in a sex way insofar as sex in itself may embody or epitomize the latent personal qualities which one or the other or both of the parties are conscious that they may possess but are not adequately expressing.

These may be qualities characteristically belonging to either the man-half or the woman-half of a complete Spirit. In other words, they may be qualities that would be supplied under normal mating conditions by the Spirit's other half, or not. But underlying the attraction that holds a man or woman in true Platonic contact must ever be what might be termed a strong Expression-Force of a given set of attributes, and because one of the parties feels guilty of inadequately or inaptly expressing such attributes himself—or herself—he or she is drawn toward the other to watch them incessantly and naturally in action.

Along with this scrutiny goes a sort of introvert admiration, compounded of three parts desire for a similar exhibit in one's own character and one part begrudging acknowledgment of the other's role as instructor, without the other's always being aware of it.



It is not always true, as facetious people assume, that a man and woman enjoying a Platonic friendship are actually trying to have a real love affair—with all the trimmings of mortal romance—and deliberately avoiding the carnal side of the association. Indeed, it can happen in such Platonic affairs that there IS a carnal side to the association, if it so happens that adequate or apt sex expression is being exercised by one party while for some reason or other the second person is prohibited—or inhibited—from similarly delivering himself. *✿ ✿*

People in Platonic love are not always conscious of the fact that they are in love—in the full meaning of the term—or they may be given to hiding their



feelings and emotions to that end if for some reason they fear that the proper and expert expression might bring a severance of the friendship.

Deep down and underneath all their daily give-and-take, however, it has to be acknowledged that the parties are groping for something, and that they find it to greater or lesser degree, each in the other's personality, as they travel onward in company.

Take the case of a man or woman who is inclined by temperament to be sad or melancholy. This is one of the most common causes of the establishment of Platonic friendships.

The said person is truly suffering from an inverted, or introvert, ego. It is a case of self-expression's having been denied by experiences with shock, distasteful association, or unhappy memories due to fancied spiritual loss.



The melancholy person has persuaded himself that life holds practically nothing in the way of spiritual profit that begins to compensate for the hurt of disillusion, mistrust, broken confidence, or bereavement that has been ill-timed or which carried with it the conviction that the one who has been "lost" was the embodiment of all the virtues and compassions. He does not truly believe any of it, of course. He merely poses in the role of believer in it, hoping thereby that someone will come along, or something will happen, to jolt him out of himself and renew his interest in things mundane again. He is, in other words, a perpetual invitation, self-expressed by the eccentricity of his temperament, for people and things to alter more pleasantly and profitably in his behalf.

Such a person rarely makes the effort to go out and alter the factors of his life voluntarily so that the more poignant aspects of it no longer effect him vitally. If he did that, he figures, he might spoil his role of martyr-to-life, and put himself out of the running to invite alteration by his constant application of energy to warped idea.

Suddenly into the life of such a one

comes a person of the opposite sex, perhaps inclined to be introspective like himself, or at least inclined to let life turn up what it will, of itself, in its own good time and way. The two exchange ideas and confidences and discover that "they have many things in common" although the biggest thing they have in common is their ability to look at life unemotionally and negatively.

The truth of the matter is, however, that after such a pair have exchanged such morbid confidences for a time, and nothing else, they commence to bore each other. Look closely as their friendship ripens into real attachment and you will perceive that one is taking a politely sadistic delight in "riding" the other for this or that attribute or lack of it, or prodding him on particularly sensitive spots, or generally acting as tutor in some aspects where there seems to be a failing in the character.

Strange to relate, the person so acting may be guilty of owning to all the disputed or deficient characteristics himself, and yet he will disparage or poke fun at them in his friend of the opposite sex. More peculiarly still, the friend will not only permit it but actually derive a type of masochistic delight from it.  

What truly seems to be happening is, that friend number two is learning things about himself, or having things pointed out to him through the eyes of the first, that he has wanted to recognize and correct but lacked the diligence or analysis to concentrate upon.

The criticism he takes from the other is merited criticism, perhaps, but it is also transmuted into increments of real mentorship—while the person so mentored cajoles himself into accepting that the first person would not so exercise himself unless he were proficient where the second person assumes himself to be weak.

In other words, the two people in the affair are settling down to a sort of husband-and-wife basis of mutual criticism without the debatable pleasures,



annoyances, or procreational responsibilities of cohabitation.

They avoid all these, get the same spiritual interchanges, and term the situation Platonic.



**S**URVEYED in another light, Platonic friendships, or loves, are forever those where there is an interchange of ideas looking always toward some sort of assuagement of a weakness. One or the other of the parties is being consoled in regard to something, in a manner of speaking, and the other is getting a "kick"—subconsciously received and enjoyed perhaps—out of doing the consoling because it is allowing him to express himself in a way that heightens or helps his views about himself.

Rarely, indeed, do you find happy, bouyant, self-sufficient, and spontaneous-spirited individuals entering into Platonic associations.

Happy, normal, self-sufficient people exercise their talents in a well-rounded and individualistic manner that provokes them to take life as it comes, not expect too much from it, and give as well as take at the business of living it.

¶ If they enter into a love affair, it is a Love Affair, and it massages their emotions 'way down to their ankles.

They would be bored with a friendship from one of the opposite sex that was personal and private, and yet did not partake of the physical as well as the mental and spiritual.

They want "all there is to a friendship" with no reservations, nothing held out on them. ✿ ✿

They are, in other words, not especially desirous of being criticized, or commiserated with, or enjoined in their performances as to this or that, depending upon the whim or discrimination of the friend. They see little or nothing to be envious of in other people, inasmuch as it is in their temperaments to shift quickly and readily and BE the thing

that it may strike their fancy to ape in another. ✿ ✿

No, your truly platonic love affair, or friendship, is usually promoted between people whose social adjustments are not always normal. They are secretly hungry for praise or endorsement and take it from the platonic friend because it is in the nature of the alliance to exchange such criticisms without personal responsibilities' accruing when the services rendered have become sizable, each to the other.



**L**N the normal love affair, when the man in the case has been aided or encouraged enough by some woman, he comes to an hour when he says—subconsciously if not knowingly—"You've been a delightful companion, Mary, dear, and have rolled up a load of credits on me for your services that I can never discharge in kind. Why, therefore, should I not discharge them by buying your groceries and hats for the rest of my natural life?" Which he proceeds to do practically, under the registrations of common matrimony.

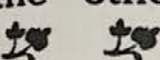
Millions of such love affairs and marriages come about all over the earth, with every year that passes, from just such motives of inescapable compensation. ✿ ✿

But in the platonic love affair, the arrangement started off upon—and kept steadily to—a different understanding. "I envy you the talents or convictions which you possess and which fit into my own deficiencies so aptly," says the one party to the other, "but no matter how much you do for me, or I do for you, we will take out our pay in the secret gratifications we derive from having each other as sounding-boards and tuning-forks for our peculiar introvert and inclined - to - be - meloncholy temperaments. We will discharge our karmic compensations to each other as we go along, and no thought of economic problems shall ever enter into it."



So sex is willfully kept in the background, because it never was intended to be thrust into the foreground or become a factor between them in the relationship from the beginning.

Take note, in respect to confirmation of this, that the most outstanding platonic friendships or "loves" are those existing between persons of artistic, or highly-specialized, temperaments.

The friendship is formed, they will go to considerable trouble to explain, because the other person understands me!" 

It is not a case of "understanding," of course, since there is truly no such thing as one person's fully "understanding" another. What more accurately occurs is, that the first artistic person finds the second artistic person inclined to aid him in his problems and headaches of technique or inspiration, without demanding anything in return but companionship and the chance to so deliver himself.

As the aid is practical and apt, thus is it appreciated. As it becomes a habit with each of the parties—to render and receive it—the feeling of having it always on call, of being able to rely upon it, develops into the representation of an "affection." . . . Of course it is an affection—in the sense of partaking of the quality of being affected.

Taken on the whole, however, platonic love is a misnomer to start out with.

Taxation upon the Spirit without representation in any of the emotions but that of an expectancy of some sort of habitual service, might be the better way of describing it.

Plato had it right.

It is, forsooth, having a delightfully profitable afternoon with a spiritual abstraction in a petticoat, and being able to indulge perpetually all of one's own complexes without ever incurring any necessity of having to replace the petticoat, if for reasons only known to the parties, a new one should be in order!



## REALITIES

HAVE we the moral courage to face the fact that a world in which men and women universally loved each other, and where there would be no more delightful fights, would be on the whole more hell than heaven?



TRUTH isn't a matter of merely speaking of facts with veracity. Truth is the business of determining what God's ideas about the conduct of the universe have been from the start, instead of recommending that He consider our own!

LIFE is a succession of experiences at learning how NOT to do things—and doing the others as profitably as possible.



A MAN, a woman, and a dog, are a universe of heaven, earth, and hell personalized respectively. At least there are times when the dog doubtless thinks so.



IT'S a blessed thing to love a woman despite her sputtering. It's heaven on earth to love a woman who doesn't sputter in the first place!





## DO INVISIBLE COUNCILLORS DIRECT THIS NATION?

**E**VERY country under the sun is populated by members of a race who assume instinctively that they are God's favored people. The Israelites by no means hold any monopoly on the concept. The native of India, Russia, Germany, France, Great Britain, or most specifically of all, the United States of America, is in each case fundamentally certain that he has been born into the best land under the sky, that his people are a trifle different and a trifle better than all other peoples, that his government has a special mission to execute among the governments of earth, and that all things considered, any catastrophe which blotted his race from the family of nationals would amount to a loss that could never be named.

It was from this instinctive assumption that the idea of the "sovereignty" of governments was originally derived.

Sovereignty of governments is the admission all around that inasmuch as all the nationals taken together cannot agree on which among them IS God's pet people, they consent to recognize the possibility that ALL of them hold claims to the distinction, and until the matter is decided by God Himself, they had all best respect the others' nominations. ✿ ✿

Now such a concept as being THE best-governed and highest-developed peo-

ple on the Footstool could not be so widespread, or persist over such an interminable length of time, unless it instanced some law of Cosmos, some fundamental of the universe, that supplies each worldly national with profit to his spirit.

Let us probe for some explanation to the mystery—for mystery it is!—in considering the contentions of the Chinaman in particular.



**M**AKE John Chinaman talk about it, and he will reveal not the slightest bashfulness in confiding to you that Chinese nativity, Chinese culture, and Chinese traditions all prove incontestably that the Chinese compose the world's greatest race. Of course, if you talk to an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Italian, or a German, he will make similar revelations—the only difference between any one of these and the Chinaman being, that if you show doubt to the former, or give him an argument, he may lose his temper and sock you in the eye.

The Chinaman thinks that his culture is quite the best that has ever been devised, he is sure that the Almighty Creator would not have made China and kept it in existence as a country over such a period of time unless the Chinese were especial recipients of His favor, and that anyone from the



western nations who presumes to put his own race in a gradation higher than China's must be regarded as a child who merely hates to be bested.

We turn to the Book of Cosmos for our instruction and beg to be informed why a people far over in Asia should hold such grandiose ideas and we behold this great truth—

Nations, or races, are but civil or social "experimentings," as it were, giving its members—by a certain pattern of culture—peculiar spiritual experiences which could not be theirs in any other form. ✿ ✿

Some races we know have always been ruled by kings. Dynastic rule gives the people living under it, simple civil protection. Subjects of a king—unless they be subscribing to a constitutional monarchy, which is truly a republic with the king in the role of President—are not called to take much part in governing themselves. In fact, it is not the life lesson to be learned to do much thinking politically.

People under a king are living simple cell existences, learning lessons in domesticity or economic artisanship, and waiting till they are born under other cycles and in other cultures to awaken to the exercise of their political "rights." ✿ ✿



SOMETIMES it is to the spiritual enhancement of unfolding souls to be born and reborn, and live mortally for long periods in those states of society that practice human slavery. The slavery may be of the brutal commercial kind, such as was inflicted upon the black man of the United States prior to the Civil War, or it may be the master-servant state of slavery such as was practiced in Russia as between aristocrats and peasants.

Again it may be the rarified and refined condition of slavery such as existed in the days of the Greek democracies or Roman republic—when captives taken

in war, by no means human troglodytes, were sold to purchasers among the victors and employed as high-caste servants or tutors for the young.

Frequently it happened in the latter case that the slave would be a brainier man or woman than the owner.

It shocks our sense of decency today to think of one caste of men owning and bartering the bodies of another caste of men. But a period in which this sort of thing has been prevalent always seems to be necessary to evolve certain qualities of consciousness in both master and vassal, to aid them in making spiritual adjustments to each other, and perhaps to balance karmas that mightn't otherwise be compensated.

Even in the business of debating, and later fighting a war over, the social circumstance that slavery might be "wrong" there are spiritual advancements not otherwise obtaining.

If we wish to take the attitude that one mortal span on earth is all that any soul experiences, then slavery would be most immoral indeed. It would be immoral because the master would seem to enjoy the fruits of labor which he by no means deserved, whereas the slave would face misfortune from the cradle to the grave.

If we take the likelier attitude that all human beings are but souls living in earthly bodies again and again till ALL life's profitable experiencings have been enjoyed, then we can see that there would be periods in which the individual slave would alternate and be the master, and the individual master would alternate and be the slave.

If any given master had been cruel or unjust to a given slave in one life, then the slave would be the master in the next life and have full chance to repay his tormentor in kind.

When we climb higher and consider states of society in higher spiritual unfoldments, we begin to discern man giving thought to the thing called the State, the Nation, the political unit which he takes part in gov-



erning. After hundreds of experiences in and out of flesh, in which the individual soul has suffered encroachments on—and struggles for—his liberty, we begin to meet people who are keen for their "rights."

These evolved souls lean to republics and democracies—or constitutional monarchies where the kings are but figureheads. ✿ ✿

Men born under such political jurisdictions are taking the first primary lessons in being future race mentors in themselves. They are observing Cause and Effect in various State procedures. They are inviting and executing civil responsibilities—and noting the results that grow from well-considered effort.

¶ It is for these reasons that we behold the seeming hodge-podge of kingdoms, constitutional monarchies, republics, and democracies, all existing at the same time on the one planet and within one world.

It is for such reasons that we behold republics supplanting kingdoms, monarchies being overthrown in favor of democracies, democracies becoming lecherous and ending in dictatorships.

¶ Developing and unfolding souls are coming along towards greater growth all the time, generation after generation, age upon age. These "new people" have to know and profit from all the social and civil experiencings that have been the heritage of their forebears of the past. So exactly similar political situations are provided for them to meet.

The question now arises—

Who provides them?

Who does such "experimentings" in the fall or rise of peoples?



THE NOTION is an old one that somewhere in Cosmos there must of necessity be a caste of seemingly discarnate mentors, who oversee the destinies of races and nationals. Depicted in one culture, they are called gods and

goddesses. Depicted in another, they are patron saints and genii. Depicted in another, they are called the White Lodge members—the assemblage of valiant spirits who in their various earth-lives have perfected themselves in political jurisprudence.

This instinctive acceptance—that each and every people have special wardens looking after them—is probably a memory of recognition made in the periods between the lives, when the personages composing those Higher Councils or Committees were both commonly seen and known.

Because each council or committee would logically be drawn from members of the race over which it presides—that it might continue sympathetic as well as expert in the aims and ambitions of that particular segment of the species—given races or nationals assume, from such "memories" or "revelations," that the heavenly hierarchy is made up of their "own folks."

If such spiritual committees, presiding over the fortunes of some particular people, are composed of celebrities from the particular race so mentored, then the Rulers of the Universe must all be of that breed. Thus is human reasoning. ✿ ✿

It never occurs to these souls while incarnated in earthly races, that there might be scores, hundreds, thousands, of such heavenly hierarchies—and not one transcendent over the other in authority. ✿ ✿

It becomes instinctive in carnate man to think of the celestial realms as being but a glorification of the moral realms, something "bigger and better."

So, if his racial council or celestial committee is made up of personages seeming in appearance or habits of thought to be Chinamen—or Englishmen, or Italians, or Frenchmen, or Germans—then the equation works out that God, the Angels, the Heavenly Host, down to the most humble seraph or spirit, must also be Chinese, English, Italian,



French, or German, as the mortal's nationality may dictate. Because this mistaken notion prevails concerning the jurisdiction of the Higher Realms, and the assumption is definite to Chinese, English, Italians, French, and Germans that the supervising hierarchy is composed of persons or spirits of their own extraction, we probably get the notion on the part of each people that they are superior to all others. If they were not superior, why should the Heavenly Mentors take their own racial shapes?



**W**HEN there is another reason for each national's accepting that his own race is the "best." He has to alibi somehow his presence in it as a spirit. Of course he has been made prenatally aware that the particular race in which incarnation awaits him contains definite lessons which his spirit needs to learn. Each race, with a culture distinctive to itself, with a domesticity and a political life that distinguish it from all others, typifies the deficiencies of such spirit at the moment.

Entering life in it, its general cultural level proclaims the ethical status which the soul has reached to date.

It wants to appear to advantage, to proclaim its advancements with the universe as a witness, and so it brags within itself that its own attainments and its mortally oriented attainments must be considered one and the same.

"My race is the best race under the sun because I consider myself to be the best person in existence under the sun," is its spiritually-subconscious line of argument. "I would scarcely incarnate in a race that was of any less worth than I consider myself to be when I evaluate myself at all. Really, it is because I feel a pride in having come thus far in cosmic unfoldment and attained to this particular race as witness of such progress, that I get out my tooter and acclaim it as superior. Having con-

tributed my spirit to this race, I therefore boast of its superiority, and pat myself indirectly on my own back!"



**T**HAT "Invisible Councilors" do run this nation—in fact every nation as its interests may appear or Cosmos may require of it for the unfoldment of human spirits—is indicated by three outstanding bits of evidence:

First, the supply of conscientious and efficient leaders, which taken in itself is no small phenomenon.

Second, the mystical guides or Unseen Mentors of those leaders, who have spoken to them with literal voices all the way from Joan of Arc to Adolf Hitler.

Third, the fact that every leader who really proves himself to be such, and achieves, gains from somewhere outside himself a positive and specific wisdom aiding him to hold a place that is unique and peculiar to that race which he thus mentors!

The superficial person, or the plain ignoramus who doesn't think at all, accepts the fact blindly that leaders come by chance.

But if all persons lived but one life in mortality, and each had approximately the same span to run, and pursued the same culture, why should leaders appear at all? Why should not one citizen of a given race be just as wise or equally as dumb as every other citizen of that race?

It cannot be argued that castes within the race are responsible for leadership, for again and again it has been demonstrated that the cleverest and most capable leaders come from the castes considered "lowest."

Abraham Lincoln in the American scene is the likeliest case in point.

No, through some great mystery that the one-life-and-no-more theorists cannot prove even by the much-touted laws of Heredity, outstanding and upstanding spirits arise spontaneously



in every race and take charge of their fellows as though born to such, always. ✿ ✿

They could not have "just happened." . . . They had to be provided. Furthermore, being experts—as proven by becoming subsequent arbiters of happenings—they had to be provided at the strategic and vital moment.

In order to arrive at maturity and function efficiently in a given circumstance or epoch—in the lives of either races or nations—someone somewhere had to know that such circumstance was sure to happen.

The only person or persons, incarnate or discarnate, who could possibly know that a given circumstance in the life of either a race or a nation was sure to happen, would be the one, or those, directly to become responsible for causing it to happen!

Thus, by logic, if the circumstance DOES happen, the existence of someone causing it is proven!



AS to mystical guides, or Unseen Mentors, who "speak" clairaudiently to incarnate mortals, destined for, or exercising, leadership—their validity

can be discussed only with those who have actually heard them. To try to describe the literality of clairaudient voicings to a person who has never experienced them knowingly, is like trying to describe a dream to a person whose slumbers have ever been dreamless. ✿ ✿

How describe a dream, or the experience of dreaming, so that the validity of dreaming is proven?

It cannot be done.

Only the fact that mankind everywhere dreams, night upon night—that is, that all society goes through the Dream Experience as a feature of common sleep—makes dreaming creditable.

In the case of the directing Clairaudient Voice, however, it is by no means a feature of every person's sensings.

Nevertheless, in every generation for thousands of years have appeared outstanding personages whose records for integrity in other matters are unquestioned, who have affirmed their clairaudience. ✿ ✿

If such persons, reliable in every other aspect, affirm that clairaudient voices address them—and we care to accept that they are speaking the truth—then we must agree that someone, somewhere, is responsible in each instance for the voices so speaking.

And as such voices utter directings of the profoundest wisdoms, making for the epochal accomplishment of those so addressed, then it must be said that such councillorship is actual.

Furthermore, when men far apart, generally unknown to each other, get the same intelligence, tending toward the same accomplishment, then more than one mentor must be at the work.

It is doubtful for acceptance if we could envision merely one discarnate spirit, hastening to and fro, and doing ALL of the mentoring for ALL of the leaders.

¶ The existence of more than one, attested by more than one performance, likewise attests to the existence of a group. ✿ ✿

If there IS a Master Pattern, however, and hosts of race or national mentors are counselling in adherence to it, then at least there is comfort in the thought that the events of mad earth may not be what they seem.

There are vast cosmic processes working out, for the unfoldment of human spirit. Some may seem cruel, some may seem unjustified. But more and more as we consider denouement, we are forced to recognize that too often they seem cruel or unjustified because we WILL insist on measuring them with the old and archaic yardstick of the one-life-and-no-more hypothesis!

Why pursue it so doggedly when it only ends in headache?

Why insist on endorsing it, when its essence is sterility?



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# EARTH COMES

**Y**OU may consider this page an advertisement for a new book or not, according as it strikes you. I prefer to regard it as an informal chat between ourselves, to which the new book is merely incidental. ¶ Some thirty days ago, down here in Asheville we completed the first year of doing our own publishing. During my strange career I have owned or conducted something like eight different printing shops or newspapers. But all of them were crass commercial plants, conducted to make a living, taking whatever work they could get. In the back of my head, throughout my experiences with all of them, I carried the aspiration to one day put together a printing-house that should be especially adapted to doing nothing but my own publishing. Moreover, that publishing was to consist of nothing but exquisite periodicals and books, compiled as artistically as papers, inks, and average machinery could devise. On the 23rd of the past October I completed my first twelve months of owning that plant and took a survey of its first year's product. ¶ We have turned off four standard volumes in this plant in the year that has passed, forty-eight issues of *Liberation*, twenty-two issues of *Little Visits*, and twelve numbers of *Reality*. Something like 30,000 impressions a day from our automatic presses, for 306 working days, should have resulted in a formidable pile of printed material. Alas, all I have to show for the effort of the whole of it is some twelve leather-bound copies of *Behold Life* in my private library, something like seventy-five copies of *Thinking Alive* in the leatherette edition, an odd five hundred sets of *Nations-in-Law* which I expected would move slowly anyhow, due to the fact that the work never was intended for the average reader, and around ninety copies of *Bright Trails*, the bound and illustrated edition of the Famous Explorers volume of *Little Visits*! Here and there on the shelves of the stockroom are file copies of *Reality*. Everything else is practically sold clean! ¶ On the whole, it rather looks as though there was a decided demand for our products. Now the question arises, how about 1939? ¶ Well, I propose to start 1939

with the publication of the third volume of the deluxe esoteric series, *Earth Comes*! In *Behold Life* I tried to sketch the whole design of Cosmos for earthly life, to give a fully-rounded idea of what the Liberation Doctrine was all about. In *Thinking Alive* I started to elaborate the opening chapter of *Behold Life* into a book in its own right. It was pretty deep for a lot of folks, but they seem to have survived it and are begging for more. Now, it's time to give them more. In *Earth Comes* I'm going into the marvels of the manufacture of Free Energy, showing how it operates at the command of Thought and begins to coagulate into materials that assume the form of planetary worlds. All of us like to know where this planet on which we operate, came from anyhow. Figuratively speaking, in *Earth Comes* we're going to bring the planet into existence and set it as a stage for all the metaphysical marvels to be subsequently enacted on it. ¶ During January, too, if the Roosevelt Administration doesn't contrive to plunge us into a war with Hitler to make him give Germany back to the Jews, I'm hoping to put out a 75c edition of *Behold Life* and a 50c edition of *World Hoax*. Further than that, with our periodicals increasing in circulation, I'm not trying to plan at present. ¶ So, if you're compiling your shelf of Pelley books, I'm hoping you're going to enjoy *Earth Comes* and keep up the tradition of Pelley books' being hard to get because they sell up so clean. ¶ The price of *Earth Comes* is going to be \$4 postpaid. If I didn't think the volume was going to be worth that much to the both of us, I wouldn't be putting that much value into it. If you haven't got the \$4 in the old Sugar-bowl just now, with Christmas raising hob with everybody's finances, remember that you *can* get the book on a dollar down payment and the other three dollars stretched over three months. But, as a final word, you'd best get your order in. *Earth Comes* will be just as hard to get as any of the other deluxe volumes within two to three months. Remember that I said it. On the whole, I'm rather proud that overstocks of these volumes aren't sold in Jew drugstores alongside paregoric!

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